

MINUTE MAN

THE ONE MAN ARMY!

10¢

No. 3
SPRING
EDITION



LISTEN, DEAR READERS,
AND TAKE MY ADVICE,
YOU CAN GUESS ONCE
OR YOU CAN GUESS TWICE.
YOU WON'T FIND ME OUT
AND I WON'T TELL YOU WHY,
SEE PAGE 31

AND WATCH THE FOOLS DIE!

The Black Poet

64 pages of MINUTE MAN, Hero of MASTER COMICS

EVERYBODY'S SHOUTING ABOUT



**FEATURING THE SENSATIONAL
MR. SCARLET
AND HIS DARING PAL**

PINKY

PLUS MANY OTHER STARTLING ATTRACTIONS

**THEY FLY THRU THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE
AND DON'T EVEN BOTHER ABOUT A TRAPEZE.**

**BULLETMAN AND BULETGIRL,
THE DARING DETECTIVES WITH
THE GRAVITY HELMETS,
ZOOM TO MORE BREATH-
TAKING ADVENTURES
IN**

BULLETMAN

**DON'T FAIL TO BUY BULLETMAN
AT YOUR NEWSSTAND**

**68 PAGES -
4 COMPLETE
STORIES -
ALL IN COLOR**

Spring Issue (December 6, 1941-March 6, 1942) Vol. 1, No. 2

BULLET MAN is published quarterly by Everett Publications, Inc., 110 West Broadway, Louisville, Ky. W. H. Warren, Jr., President; Elton D. Oakes, Advertising Manager; Robert E. Brown, Circulation Director; Ralph Smith, Editorial Director; 400 Midway, Art Director. Applications for second-class status as Second-Class, U.S., under the Act of March 3, 1879, pending. Additional entry applied for as Second-Class, U.S., under the Act of March 3, 1879, pending. Copyright 1941 by Everett Publications, Inc. Reporting on article or page for inclusion except by permission of the publisher. Fully registered supplied list to U. S. Patent Office. Subscriptions cost \$2.00 per year in the United States and possessions; 2 foreign subscriptions \$3.00. Canadian subscriptions are not accepted. Editorial offices: 1101 Broadway, New York City. Printed in U. S. A.

MINUTE MAN

The One Minute Man

AND THE
MURDER
MUSIC

AT A SECRET SPOT, MURDER FILURES
PAY HOMAGE TO AN EVIL SIGN
THAT BLAZES IN THE NIGHT!

HEIL! HEIL!

42

HERO, HERO, THE LEADER, OWES THE MINUTE
SERIAL?

133 GOTS! WE FIDE
FOR DER
FUEHRER!



AND THE HIDEOUS FAIRIES RIDE
OVER THROUGH THE NIGHT!



AT THE CENTER OF AMERICAN MINUTE-
MEN METROPOLIS STANDS THE HALL
FOLIO LIBRARY... AND THE
AVIANT WATCHMAN MAKES HIS
HABITUAL ROUND...

FUNNY SHADOWS!
MY OLD EYES PLAY
ME TRICKS...



NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE...
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!...



HALT, HANS
RAFFENBURGER!



WHO ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I'LL CALL THE POLICE...

SILENCE DOG... THAT
THING IS SHARP!

...UH...
...BE QUIET!



THAT'S BETTER! TO WORK, MEN!
DESTROY THOSE SWinish
DRIVELINGS! AMERICAN
DEMOCRACY... BAH!





AT A SAFE DISTANCE FROM
THE FIRE...

HA, HA, HA! HA,
HA, HAHAHA!

WELL, I'LL BE...? WHO
DOES THAT BIRD THINK HE
IS...? NERO RIDDLING
WHILE SOME BURNS?

HAHA... HE'S GOING TO PLAY
ANOTHER TUNE FOR
MINUTE MAN!

WHAT? WHO'S INTER-
ESTING MY SLAVING?

JUST A BUT WHO
THINKS YOU SHOULD
BE FLAT... ON
YOUR FACE!

HE IS, WHAT YOU
SAY IN AMERICAN
A WISE GUY?

A PUNK!

WA, YE BEAT ME
BEATS OUT!
COME!



NO, NO! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! HE CAN'T DO THAT TO ALL MY MEN, AT ONCE!

BUT THIS CALLS FOR BRAIN... NOT BRAIN!

MINUTE MAN IS SUDDENLY TRAPPED IN THE ROPE!

HEY! MINUTE!



BUT YOU SAVED ME, MINUTE MAN!

WHA... GO AWAY

AND THEN AS OTHERS ARRIVE...

HERE WE IS! YOURS UNDER ARREST, HANS RAFFENBURGER! WHO BANG YOU TO BANG DOWN THE LIBRARY?

..WHA..?





SUDDENLY A FAMILIAR, WILD
SCREAM FROM THE ORCHESTRA
FIT...



THE SABOTEUR ATTEMPTS
TO ESCAPE...

OUT OF MY WAY,
FOOLS!

WHY... WHY...
HE'S SOME
MAD!

RIGHT ON
YOUR HEELS,
HEE!

HA, HA!

THAT MUST'VE
STUNNED HIM
GOOD!

HA!... MORE THAN
ONE WAY TO BAG
A FOX!

BOOM!

AT THE BACK ENTRANCE
WHERE MENUS ARE KEPT...

MINUTE MAN'S
IN THERE!

I KNEW
HIS HEAD SHOULD
NOT HAVE PLAYED
TONIGHT!

STAGE
EXPLODING

HURRY! THIS FIRE WILL
START A PANIC INSIDE!





COME QUIETLY...
HEY, WHA---?

FIRE!
FIRE!

HELP!



THE WILD, STAMPEDE CROWD GOES
BERSERK, SEPARATING MINUTE MAN
FROM HIS PRISONER!



THIS WAY, HERR
HERO!



LATER AT THEIR HIDDEN
LABS IN THE HILLS...

THE FIRE WE
MADE SAVED
HERR HERO!

JA, WE
ARE CLEVER
FELLOWS!



FOOLS! DOLTS! BLUN-
DERERS! SETTING THE
OPERA HOUSE ON FIRE!



BUT YE WANT TO DESTROY
ALL AMERICAN CULTURE,
YOU SAID...

NOT AUDIO!
NOT THAT, BRANLESS
CAPS! I HAVE THE
SOUL OF AN ARTIST...I
SHOULD HAVE YOU HORSE-
WHIPPED!



BUT YE HAD TO SAVE YOU
FROM MINUTE MAN...

SHUT UP! LET ME THINK...
YES, MINUTE MAN MUST
BE DESTROYED, BEFORE
WE CAN GO ON!



THE NEXT NIGHT, AT TRAINING
CAMP, THE GROUND QUICKLY
BECAME DESERTED AS
THE TROOPS DEPART ON
NIGHT MANEUVERS!

HOW MUST WESTON HANG
BACK FOR T MEY,
WESTON?



LISTEN, STUPID, IN THIS MAN'S ARMY, EVERY GUY DOES HIS STUNT GET GOING ON MANEUVERS.

HEP!

BUT I HAVE SPECIAL LEAVE FROM GENERAL MVLTON, SARGE...



BY GUM, MAN, IF YOU'RE PULLING A FAST ONE... SPECIAL LEAVE, FOR WHAT, MAN I ASK?

TO...UH...ER... WATCH FOR THE HOODS, SORT OF...ER...



HOODS, WHIFF! WHY YOU'RE SO DUMB YOU WOULDN'T KNOW A HOOD IF YOU SAW ONE FACE TO FACE!



NOW I ASK YOU, WOULD HE?

SUDDENLY A DEEP VOICE...

I WOULDN'T BE SO SURE, SERGEANT!



ULP!



HE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE MINUTE MAN IS HERE? WHERE IS HE?

MINUTE MAN? YOU'RE CRAZY. YOU'RE LOCO...



WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? TACKLE HIM! BEAT HIM. HE'S ONLY ONE MAN!





LATER, THE SAME DAY, IN THE STORE ROOMS OF THE BIGGEST BUILDING IN TOWN.

WITH THE GATINGS HE'VE SOAKED THE STUFF WITH, THE BRICKS BUILDING WILL GO UP LIKE A THUNDER-BOLT.



THEY'VE FINISHED, THE DESIGN CHIEF LEADS THE WAY TO A HEAVY TOWER OVERLOOKING THE CITY.

THIS IS THE HEART AND CENTER OF AMERICAN CULTURE.



WHY? I'LL PLAY THE LONELY SONG TO IT - FOR TOWN, THE CITY WILL BE NOTHING MORE THAN A HILL OF ASHES!



AND UPON OVER THE SLEEPING CITY THE HEAVY, CONCRETE MOUTH OF A VIOLIN, THIS FIRE AND DEATH TO ALL BELOW?



BUT ANOTHER MOUTH LEANS THE MUSIC...

LISTEN! I THINK I HEAR HERO PLAYING!

MOST PROBE, LOOK! THERE HE IS - ON THAT TOWER, FIDDLING AWAY FOR ALL WE'VE BUILT WHILE THAT BUILDING BURNS!



DON'T DO IT, MINUTE MAN! YOU'LL BE KILLED!

NOT ON MY LIFE! MUST SMILE THE TOWER'S FIRE - AND THEN SO BRING ALL THE FIRE ON - DOWN IN TOWN!



LIKE A RED, WHITE AND BLUE COMET, MINUTE MAN MAKES A DARING, DEATH-DEFYING LEAP THROUGH SPACE!









WHO

IS THE
DREAD MERCILESS
SABOTEUR WHO SLEPT,
LIKE RIP VAN WINKLE,
FOR TWENTY YEARS, AND
THEN AWOKES TO BEGIN
WHERE HE LEFT OFF IN
A TITANIC CAMPAIGN OF
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION AGAINST
AMERICA'S MINUTE MAN,
ONE MAN ARMY, WHO
HIMSELF FITTED AGAINST
A MASTER EGYPT OF
THE WORLD
WART?

THE ARMISTICE!
MOORAT! WE WON!
THE WAR'S OVER!

IT'D BEER, LET US TURN
THE CALENDAR BACK TO NO-
VEMBER 11, 1918, AND THE ARMIS-
TICE ENOUGH TO CEASE FOR A
MINUTE.

NOT FAR NORTH OF NEW YORK
CITY, IN THE MIDDLE, PERSONNEL
BAR RELEASED FROM A PRISON.

BUT ONE PRISONER, VON WINCKLE, CLAMBERS FROM A STRANGE TICK-HEAT, SLEEPS ON AND ON...



AMMMMMAH! I GUESS I GET UP NOW!



NOT ITS? NO, NO! IT CAN'T BE! HA NOT AN OLD MAN! I WAS SO YOUNG...



AHH!

NOW I DON'T FEEL SO TIRED!



THROW A DAMP FLAT STONE, VON WINCKLE MANAGES TO SHAVE OFF HIS WILD GROWTH OF HIR HEART OF SLEEP.



SEE, I AM STILL YOUNG! HAHA, FORTNAT I DECIDED SAVE THIS FOR FUTURE PURPOSES. WHO CAN TELL WHEN I'LL NEED THIS, FOR A PRESIDENT!

BUT NOW MANY YEARS HAVE PASTED WHILE I SLEPT! EVERYTHING IS BUSTED AND OLD HERE!



HE FINDS AN OLD, WELONED NEWSPAPER

ACH DU LIEBER! THE FATHERLAND LOST? HOW IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!... BUT THEN IT MUST HAVE BEEN BECAUSE I WAS A PRISONER!













AM FRITZ!
HEINÉ! LUDWIG!
AND MY OLD FRIEND
HON STRUDEL!



ALL MY FRIENDS DEAD
AND GONE! BUT I'LL
AVENGE THEM! I'LL
BRING THEM TO THIS
CUTTING AMERICA!
ACHTUNG! BEING
SURPRISED... LOTS
OF IT!!!

HE SPOT RETURN WITH A PACK-LOAD OF GUN
POWDER, AND THE ANCIENT WALK IS TURNED
WITH THE EXCLUSIVE!



IT'S TOO HOT!
THE CURRENT WILL
BURN HER DOWN
TO THE GROUND!

PRIVATE WESTON IS ASSIGNED TO NIGHT
ENTRY DUTY...



TOO BAD THAT CAMP IN THE HILL
WASN'T CAUGHT, BUT I'M PUTTING
YOU ON ENTRY DUTY TONIGHT, WESTON.
PERHAPS... EH... MINUTE MEN WILL BE
AROUND, TOO, WATCHING FOR
TROUBLE.

UNDERSTAND,
SIR?



WESTON ON DUTY,
I HEARD. THAT MAKES EVERY-
THING DUCKY, JUST
FUCKY!

OH, I DUNNO
DON'T BE TOO
SURE ON THE DUTY.
WE WOULDN'T LET MORE
THAN A BATTLE DIVISION
THROUGH BEFORE IT COULD
BEHOLD ANY OTHER
TO ROUND AN ALARM!



WILL YOU THAT THE TRAP
AND GO TO SLEEP? AFTER
ALL, WESTON'S BEING
ENTRY POST?

THAT DOES IT?
THAT DOES IT?
HOW I CAN'T
SLEEP! THAT GUY
IN THE HILL
WILL GET US,
SURE!



DON'T SEEM TO TRUST
PRIVATE WESTON, AT
ALL? EVEN I COULD
TELL "OH MINUTE
MEN" REALLY ON
THE JOB.





ON SHORE, MINUTE MAN BRIEFLY ENDS PURSUIT ONCE AGAIN.



GOTTEN! WHAT?
RO VAN WINKLE AGAIN,
BUT VON WINKLE...?

EH, BUT
DIDN'T
WHO'S DIMPLED?



DIMPLED
WINKLES
NOW THE
YOUNG MAN
IS STARK MAD.

NO NOT THAT LET'S
NOT START THAT
AGAIN, I'M
GOING!



LATER, MEETING THE OTHER SPIES...

HOW DID IT
GO, BARCH?

HE HEARD
NO EXPLOSION.

IT WENT
BAD, VERY BAD.



AH, THE GOOD OLD DAYS, BEFORE THERE WAS
A MINUTE MAN I COULD SPY AND SABOTAGE
TO MY HEART'S CONTENT. NOW? ACH, IT IS
DISGUSTING!



A MESSAGE
FROM DER
FUEHRER,
BARCH!



DESTROY MINUTE MAN! JUST
LIKE THAT! WHAT DOES HE
THINK I AM... A MAGICIAN?



BESIDES I TAKE MY
ORDERS FROM THE
KAISER, NOT THIS
FUEHRER!

BUT THE KAISER IS
GONE!

DER FUEHRER
RULES NOW!

VOT!



AH, YOT A CRAZY WORLD!
BUT DID I MAKE UP? WELL,
FOR THE FATHERLAND I
MUST GO ON. COME, WE
WILL CARRY OUT PLAN
H-P-13.



AT THE DOCKS BEFORE THE WORLD'S BIGGEST HARBOR, GENERAL
WILSON AND HIS TROOPS ARE ASSIGNED SPECIAL DUTY, THE
FOLLOWING NIGHT.

THIS UNIT OF THE AMERICAN FLEET IS SAILING ON SECRET
MANEUVERS TONIGHT. ON YOUR TOES, MEN! WATCH FOR
ANY LUCKING SIGNS WHO MIGHT WANT TO
USE THAT INFORMATION!



OH WILSON! YOU WINKLE
MADE AN ACTIVE TONIGHT, HE
WAS THE BRIGHTEST BEST GUY
IN THE LAST WAR. LOOKS LIKE
HE STILL HOLDS THE HONORS
IN THIS ONE. WATCH FOR
HIM!

...ER... THAT IS
MINUTE MAN WILL GET HIM.
EVENTUALLY, SIR.



FUNNY! THE TORCH IN
THE STATUE OF
LIBERTY IS
BLINKING!



BLINK
BLINK

BLINK
BLINK



HOY, WILSON! OY!
IT'S A SIGNAL!



AND WITHIN THE TORCH IN
THE STATUE OF LIBERTY...

AH, THEY SEE OUR SIGNAL!
PLAN H-P-13 IS WORKING
FINE PERFECTLY!



LUCKING BEYOND THE HARBOR,
A U-BOAT COMMANDER
NOTICES THE SIGNAL.

THE SIGNAL,
H-O?

GUTH!
ATTACK WHEN
THE AMERICAN
FLEET SAILS
OUT!



AND ALL UNSUSPECTING TO A SUBMERGING AMERICA, A DEADLY FLEET AHEAD TO SINK THE AMERICAN WARSHIPS!



SOON THE AMERICAN SHIPS WILL GO FLOPPY! AND THE TIME MINUTE MAN IS NOT HERE TO INTERFERE - HA, HA, HA!



B-B-B-B-B

AA-AA-AA-AA

G-G-GULP!



WHAT ARE YOU ALL STUDDERING ABOUT, IDIOTS... U-U-UH-P!!

S-S-S-S... DARN, YOU'VE GOT ME DOING IT! SURPRISE!



GOTTA LET HIM GET AWAY FOR THE TIME BEING!



JUST AS I THOUGHT! U-BOATS WAITING TO SINK THE WHOLE FLEET WITH A CROSS FIRE OF TORPEDOS! GOTTA SAVE 'EM! JUST GOTTA. BUT HOW?



THINK FAST MINUTE MAN! OLD BOY! YEAH! ME! GOT IT! HOW DID PAUL REVERSE WAKEN THE MINUTE MEN ABOUT THE ENEMY COMING? BY HIS SIGNAL FROM THE WAREHOUSE!



SMOKE! MINUTE MAN PLEASES THE ENEMY'S LIES BY A SIGNAL...



ABOARD THE FLAGSHIP OF THE AMERICAN FLEET.....

LOOK! DOUBLE-BUNKS, SIR! REMEMBER THAT TOTAL, ONE IF BY LAND, TWO IF BY SEA! THE ENEMY'S ATTACKING US SEA!

MAN THE GUNS!
ENEMY AHEAD!

A FURIOUS BATTLE ENSUES!

SOON

WE'VE BLOWN THE GUNS OUT OF THE WATER, SIR!

SOMEONE SAVED AMERICAN NAVAL POWER FROM A TERRIFIC LOSS! WONDER WHO IT WAS?

CLOSE! ANFULLY CLOSE! GOOD THEY CAUGHT ONTO THAT DOUBLE SIGNAL!

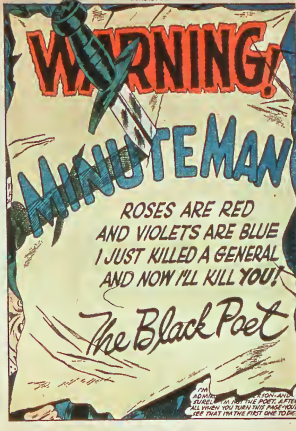
WRECKED! THE WHOLE FLEET OF G-BOATS!

AND HERE COMES MINUTE MAN, TO WRECK YOU!

THERE HE GOES! HE'LL BE SMASHED TO A PULP WHEN HE LANDS FAR BELOW, HA-HA!

SHOVE HIM OFF!





WARNING!

MINUTE MAN

ROSES ARE RED
AND VIOLETS ARE BLUE
I JUST KILLED A GENERAL
AND NOW I'LL KILL YOU!

The Black Poet

FOR
ADVICE
SURELY I'M NOT THE POET, AFTER
ALL WHEN YOU TURN THIS PAGE YOU'LL
SEE THAT I'M THE FIRST ONE TO DIE.



DON'T LOOK AT ME, I'M NOT THE BLACK POET! I'M ONE OF HIS VICTIMS!

HONEST! I'M NOT THE VILLAIN! YOU'VE GOT TO BELIEVE ME YOU'VE GOT TO! I'M ONLY MR. MORGENTHAU'S BUTLER... OR I WAS BEFORE HE WAS KILLED!

I'M AN ARMYMAN—GENERAL KILDARE—AND I'M NOT AFRAID OF ANYTHING... EXCEPT THE BLACK POET!! WE'RE GIVING US ALL THE JITTERS!

I'M A PRIVATE DICK—YEAH I ALSO WORK FOR MORGENTHAU, I'M NOT DEPENDING ON A MINUTE-MAN TO SOLVE THIS CASE. I'LL FIND THE BLACK POET!

YA CAN'T PIN THE RAP ON ME! I'M A BIG SHOT RACKETEER—AND I DON'T HAVE TO GO AROUND WRITING POETRY FOR A LIVING! JUST CALL ME GLAR MUELLER!

TO NOW IT'S MY TURN, EN? I'LL YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT ME, I'M ADMIRAL HARRY V. THURSDAY—AND SURELY I'M NOT THE POET, AFTER ALL—WHEN YOU TURN THIS PAGE—YOU'LL SEE THAT I'M THE FIRST ONE TO DIE!



LISTEN DEAR READERS AND TAKE MY ADVICE—YOU CAN GUESS ONCE OR YOU CAN GUESS TWICE, YOU WON'T FIND ME OUT! AND I WON'T TELL YOU WHY BUT TURN THE PAGE QUICKLY AND WATCH THE FOOLS DIE!

The Black Poet

OUR STORY OWNS IN THE LOBBY OF
OF A PROMINENT HOTEL. THE SET-
TING IS A STYLISH ONE...EXCEPT FOR
A CERTAIN ADMIRAL WHO SITS
NERVOUSLY, WAITING.



THEY SHOULD BE HERE YET.
WHOEVER CALLED HIM ABOUT THE
NEW TYPE OF BOMBING PLANE
DID THEY MEET HIM AT MIDNIGHT
INSTEAD OF MIDNIGHT NOW.



CALL FOR ADMIRAL
THURSTON!
CALL FOR ADMIRAL
THURSTON!



HERE BOY
MR THURSTON!

THANKS, MYSTER...ER...
ADMIRAL!



WHA--? THE PHONE CALL
NO WONDER I WAS CALLED
HERE? I-I-I-



MARY HAD A LITTLE
LAMB,
ITS PLECE WAS NAME
AS SNOW-
HEAVEN'S GATE AND
ORTH, AND
IT'S TIME FOR YOU
TO GO
The
Black
Port!

BLACK PORT-
NO? I-I-
AAAAGH!



ANOTHER MATCHES...THE BLACK PORT!

NAM? IDOT OF AN ADMIRAL!
JUST ANOTHER ONE TO TASTE
THE POEMS OF DEATH!



MARY'S DEAD!
SOMEBODY GOT THE
ADMIRAL!

WOULD DO YOU KNOW
ABOUT THIS YOUNG
FELLOW DIDN'T YOU
JUST MEND HIM
A NOSE?

YEAH, BUT-
I-I- I'D
LET'S TAKE A
LOOK AT IT!





CAN'T GO OVER THERE AT JACK WESTON... GOTTA CHANGE TO MINUTE-MAN!

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE OTHER TANKS? THAT SCREAM WAS LOUD ENOUGH TO MAKE THE DEAD!

A CHASTELY FIGHT CROITS MINUTE-MAN! THEN, FOLLOWED BY BEING BRUTALLY STRANDED BY A FEROUS FIGURE.

WOW! THAT GUY LOOKS LIKE A DELICIOUS ANDY DREAM!

FOOLISH INTERLUDE! WHO ARE YOU?

JUST A GUY CALLED... MINUTE-MAN THE ONE, MEN, ARMY!

SMASH

FLY AWAY, KENTUCKY BABE!

MINUTE-MAN, HUH? WELL YOU DNE IN ONE MINUTE! HA!

WHEED... ARE UGLY!





THROUGH THE MADNESS OF BARONET RACEY BARRETT-
MAN... TO WHERE? HE DOESN'T KNOW. ONLY ONE
INSTANT BURN IN HIS MIND... AND THAT IS TO FIND
THE MAN WHO KILLED HIM... KNOWN ONLY AS
THE BLACK POST!

WHILE NOT FAR AWAY, A CAR
PULLS TO A STOP BEFORE A LON-
GIRIOUS MANSION.

ALL RIGHT, CARRY THIS
IS MY DESTINATION!

NEVER MIND—
KEEP THE
CHANGE!

YESIR!
THANK YOU
SIR!

THE CAR DRIVER, PUZZLED, LITTLE DOES
HE KNOW IT, BUT HE IS ONE LUCKY MAN, FOR HE
HAT JUST COME AWAY ALIVE AFTER DRIVING THE...

BLACK POST

CAN YA BEAT IT? THAT GUY GAVE ME
TEN BUCKS, STRANGE PUCK— SAT
BACK THERE AT SILENT AS A
MUMMYY!

AWA! TO THIS IS
MORGENFELD'S ESTATE! NO,
WHAT A SURPRISE HE'S
IN PORT!

CAUTIOUSLY HE ADVAN-
CES UP THE HIDE
STAIRS, GIVING ALL
THE APPEARANCE OF
SOME HEIRD SHOT.

TING A LINE

I SAY... THIS IS
UNUSUAL... YOU DON'T
YOU KNOW YOURSELF!

THAT'S RATHER OBVIOUS
HAYES I DON'T WANT TO
BE BEEN! I'LL HAVE A
WORD WITH YOUR MASTER!

SO SORRY, BUT THE MATTER IS AT THE THEATRE TONIGHT. PERHAPS YOU COULD LEAVE A MESSAGE, ARE... ARE... ER...

NO NEED TO LEAVE MY NAME?

I'LL JUST LEAVE THIS. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT WALLACE MORGENTHAU GETS IT?

I'LL GIVE IT TO HIM IMMEDIATELY UPON HIS RETURN HOME.

WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD THE NIGHT CALLER TURNED AND WALKED AWAY.

ONCE MORE OUR STORY TURNS TO THE CAR DRIVER, WHO WAS FATED TO PLAY AN IMPORTANT PART IN THE MYSTERY.

HEY! WHO ARE YOU? WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING?

JUST THOUGHT I'D ASK YOU A FEW QUESTIONS— IF YOU DON'T MIND.

QUESTIONS?

I AMN'T TALKING! SEE... WHY WOULD I?

LISTEN YOU WERE RIGHT? I CAN TALK WORD WITH A CARP GET IN YOUR MIND? WHERE'D YOU DROP HIM OFF? START TALKING OR ILL

CHEER! TAKE IT EASY MISTER, I'LL LET HIM OFF AT THE MORGENTHAU ESTATE! I SWEAR I DID!

















The Voodoo Priest cast a spell of death—but a fighting American had stronger magic up his sleeve...

BOOM—boom—boom—boom! BOOM—boom—boom—boom!

The darkness of weird Haiti's Makoos night quivered to the terrible thunder of the Death Drums, beating out the last living minutes of Jim Tucker's life. Knife Drums, beating down at the secret altar of Ogoua Baggris, most terrible Lei or spirit in all the bloody voodoo rites. Two hundred sweating, screaming, swaying blacks, chanting in a blood frenzy around the altar, shouting for Jim Tucker's life blood. The Papapei, or high priest of Voodoo magic, swinging the Death Oungan, urging them on to murder...

It was like a horrible nightmare but to Jim Tucker, lying in the closely-guarded native hut a few yards from the altar this was one dream from which he would never awaken! Those giant blacks were blood-mad, crazed by the vicious ritual of Voodoo and the crazy yorngs of their Priests. Nothing but to tear out Jim Tucker's beating heart and drink of his blood would satisfy them now.

It had all started when Jim Tucker, a young American nationalist, had wandered deep into

the black jungles of dark Haiti in search of magic. He had been sent to Haiti by a big university to form a collection of insect life. Armed only with his insect net, carrying basket and a thick-bladed chopping knife, he had started out.

Without realizing it, his chase carried him deeper and deeper into the forbidden jungles until, without warning, he had been sent into a clearing and realized that he was in a *Houngan*, a secret temple of Voodoo magic.

The authorities of Haiti had been trying to stamp out bloody Voodoo worship. So the blacks had instantly turned Jim, thinking he was a spy sent to betray their secret temple. He had tried to talk his way out of danger but the crazy old Voodoo priest needed a human sacrifice to appease the blood-lust of his followers. He had ordered Jim Tucker thrown into a strong hut, under heavy guard, until a sacrificial ceremony could be started.

They had wired Jim's net and basket but they missed the knife because he had quietly slid it up the sleeve of his jacket, out of sight. He had it now, but it seemed absolutely useless.

The hut in which he lay was of logs, too strong to be torn down. To make it worse, the whole frame of the shack was open, facing the altar and the two hundred chanting blacks. A dozen armed guards paced around it to ensure his captivity

and the old priest himself kept his victim under constant watch. Then, while Jim Tucker was unbound and armed with a knife, his chance of escape was hopeless. At his first move, the two hundred half-crazed blacks would leap up and tear him to pieces. He could not begin to defend himself against two hundred blood-mad savages with only a knife as his weapon.

HE KNEW that his time was drawing shorter. The Oungan-bags, with their hideous death-polls, lay on the altar. The Mark goat had been sacrificed and his blood sprinkled over the howling throng. Now the Knife drums were thudding and the Acca rattles clattering in a rising tempo that would crash to his throat when Jim Tucker, helpless young American, was led out to his death.

Sweat came into Jim's forehead and an icy coldness played along his spine. He was not afraid of death, but the helplessness of his predicament and the method of death he faced would make the strongest nerves tremble. He had to escape, somehow. But how?

Magi! The priest was a Sorcerer, a conjurer and magician. That was how he held the simple blacks, by the fear of his magic. If only Jim Tucker could summon up some magic powerful enough to defeat the evil priest. Force would do him no good, but trickery might.

Out of nowhere, a wild idea flashed into his mind. It was such a slender hope, but the only one he could hit upon. For the moment, the blacks were too intent on the ceremony to watch him too closely. Where he lay on the floor of the hut, there were shadows deep enough to hide small movements. But he had to work fast . . .

With trembling fingers he drew out the precious knife. From the sand floor of the hut, he dug two pieces of rotting wood. From around his waist, he drew his leather belt. With these pitiful objects, he meant to make his wild try for freedom. Holding his breath, he pressed the blade of his knife across one knot and snapped it in two. Then he went to work.

Outside, the drums thundered in a crashing climax. Bloody sacrificial knives were heaved upon the altar.

Then, in the sudden silence that followed the outbreak, the Priest whistled and pointed a bony finger toward the hut. Instantly the guards sprang in, coming out at once with the limp figure of Jim Tucker between them.

HE SEEMED half dead with fright as they dragged him to the altar. He was slumped over so that his thin skin bulged at his chest and back, making him look deformed. With bows of triumphant frenzy, the guards hurled him back against the altar. The priest crouched forward, lifting his deadly blade for the thrust that would carve out the American's living heart.

Suddenly the limp figure jerked over. Jim Tucker, his eyes blazing, faced the howling throng. One hand lifted and the throng fell silent.

"You can't kill me!" Jim shouted in a voice like echoing thunder. "My magic is stronger than death. Stronger, even, than the trickery of the false priest."

"Lies!" the old *Papote* screamed. "Don't listen to him. It's a trick to save him from the sacrifice. I'll kill him now."

He lifted the deadly blade,

murders aiming for the throat. The guards crowded closer to Jim Tucker, screaming.

"Wait!"

Agate Jim's lifted hand halted the ceremony. Then he began to writhe and twist like a man in agony. The blacks watched, startled. Suddenly Jim bent backward, as though being held by invisible hands. One hand clamped at his own breast . . .

And suddenly, out of nowhere, the blade of a knife appeared, cutting through his shirt, protruding from the very center of his chest. He whirled, then, and the gaping blacks saw the hilt of the knife sticking out of his back as though some invisible hand had driven the blade completely through his body. But there had been no one in sight . . .

AS JIM suddenly slumped to the ground as though dead, bows of terror burst from black throats. Even the crafty Priest drew back, half-fearful, unable to figure where the knife came from. No one but himself and his guards had been near the white man, yet some terrible unseen force had apparently driven a knife completely through his heart . . .

But there was no blood. The point of the knife was bright and clean, the front of Jim Tucker's shirt unstained. But the old Priest was too clever to lose his hold on the crowd.

"See," he shrieked, brandishing his own knife. "The Bloody One had accepted our sacrifice. Oppose *Shagere* himself has slain the intruder. Now I will cut out his heart and we shall drink his blood."

His voice was drowned in screams of terror that rose from black throats.

The American was rising to his feet, returning from the dead. Smiling, Jim Tucker stood up straight and tall, disregarding the knife protruding from his heart. Again his upturned hands stilled the tumult.

"Listen to me," he shouted. "You see now that I cannot be killed. My magic is stronger

than the magic of your priest. I am more favored by the spirits than he is. I say to you that his words are evil and his preaching a mockery. Cut him out and let me pass, unharmed, or I shall bring down the thunderbolts to strike you dead."

Unseen in the shadow of the altar, Jim's foot moved out and tapped the bigger *Kode* drum. Instantly a muzzling rumble came from the drums. The frightened blacks thought it was the voice of their god who speaks in thunder.

With one accord, they rose up in a roaring, raging body and leaped upon their shrieking *Papote*. The priest dashed out with the sacrificial knife, turned and fled, shrieking into the black jungle. The other two hundred blacks pounded after him, shouting, anxious to obey the dictates of the white man's stronger magic.

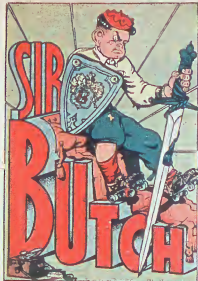
"I hope they catch him," Jim grinned, relaxing. "With that old rascal out of the way, the blacks will stop practicing Voodoo rites and settle down to work again. But I'd better clear just before they come back and want me to hang around and ride them."

With a quick movement, he ripped open his shirt. There, around his chest, was his belt, holding the two sticks he had found in the dirt—one stick against his chest, one against his back. Sticking out of the stick in front was the broken point of his knife. Sticking from the one in his back was the other half, the hilt. With blade and hilt sticking through his shirt, it looked as though the knife were whole and had been driven completely through his body.

It was an old trick Jim had seen in circus sideshows many times. But this was probably the first time it had ever saved a man's life.

One in the jungle, he heard the yells deepen, then a single despairing scream. Jim Tucker shook his head and then plunged into the darkness, heading back toward civilization.

The End



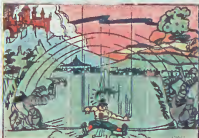
IT ALL SEEM...

...NCE UPON A TIME...
IN EAST FLATBUSH...
(THAT'S IN BROOKLYN.)



HEY! YOU STEAL
MY APPLE!
HALLOO! HALLOO!
POLEED-DEED!





MY TWO BEST
WIGHTS DISABLED!
BEHOLD THE INTENSE
OF MY HEAD!



WHAT'S THE A
DASH? MY LEARN
I'LL GET MY HAND
AFTER YOU... AND
AM I... ANYWAY?



WHY THIS IS HYPERBOLIC!
AND... I AM AHEAD... AGAIN!
BECAUSE I AM NOT A QUEEN.
NO, AM I A PRINCESS...
THEREFORE, I MUST BE
AHEAD...
...AND WHO SAID THAT?



THEY'RE
NOT...
MONEY...
THE PENALTY
...
ON THE
VILL
OFF
WITH
THE
HOLD



AND SO
AFTER A
CONSIDERABLE
AMOUNT OF
BUT
TURNING
AND SCEN
TURNING
WE FIND OUR
POOR
FRIEND
BUTCH
IN FULL
REALIZATION
OF WHAT
THE
WELL
DOESN'T
KNIGHT
SHOULD
KNOW

...WHAT'S THIS?
--AN ARM AND
SHELFER?

WHA... NO...
AND... BUTCH...
I HOPE YOU'LL
ENJOY MY PORTION...
--ON GOING WITH
YOU.

THE FELLAS
FROM D & D
SHOULD SEE
ME NOW!

HERE ARE SOME
APPLES TO REFRESH
YOU ON YOUR LONG
JOURNEY.

HE DOES NOT KNOW
IT... BUT THOSE APPLES
ARE MAGIC. WHO EVER
EATS THEM BECOMES
GENTLE AND PEACE-
LOVING. THEN HE
COULD NOT RESOLVE
THE PRINCESS. THAT
WILL BE ONE MORE
LIFE TO THE THOUGHT,
AND... *SMASH!* I SHALL
BE KING!

AND SO GOOD-
BYES ARE SAID
AND SUBSEQUENT
ARE GIVEN...
AND IT FINALLY
LOOKS AS THO
THE ADVENTURE
WILL BEGIN.

WILL YOU
HAVE AN
APPLE,
HOBLE
BUTCH?

MR. TANKER
I HAD AN
EXPERIENCE
WITH AN APPLE.
AND I DON'T
LIKE THEM
ANY MORE.



THAT'S FUNNY!
WE SHOULD HAVE
BEEN THERE BY
NOW.



WHO'S
WALKIN'
ON MY NOSE



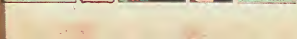
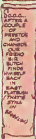
OH! GO VAMPIRE
FIGHT
???





NOW YOU
MADE HIM
MADDER!

EVERYBODY
DOES THE
SAME THING!



ARM TRAGEDY STRUCK ON THE HOME
LEFT?...AND INTO THIS MAELSTROM OF
MURDER IS THROWN MINUTE-MAN, THE
ONE MAN ARMY! WHAT IS THE DARK
SECRET BEHIND THE SHADY SETTING?
WHO IS THE KILLER KNOWN AS "THE
GHOST"?

MINUTE MAN

and

The GHOST OF DRY GULCH

DR. DEAN HAS BEEN TRAVELING FAST...AND JACK WESTON
WANTS TO GO
TO DR. JACK?

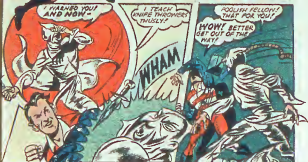
NOTHING MUCH STRONG
GUEST I'LL STAY OVER AND
WATCH THEM MAKE THAT NEW
WESTERN
MOVIE!

CAN'T YOU READ
THAT SIGN, SOLDIER?
IT SAYS—NO ADMITTANCE

SEE, MYSTER—I
JUST WANTED
TO LOOK IN!















I SEE BY THE SHADOWY THAT
COMPANY IS
COMING!

TAKE THAT!

WOULD
YOU?

POW!

WOULDN'T
AND ME -

THAT'S JUST FOR GOOD
MEASURE!

FOR GOD - BUT I DON'T
THINK IT WOULD EVER
TURN OUT THIS WAY!

HERE'S THE
POLICE NOW.
WILL YOU
CAN TELL THEM
YOUR STORY?

WELL
RALPH -
CLAY -
SWEET!

THERE WAS
TREASURE UNDER THIS LAMP
AND AFTER THE FLAMING OF THE
LIGHT OF DAY CLAY HAD
STARTED. HE THOUGHT IT WAS
AN EXCELLENT IDEA TO GET THE
ARCHER THAT WAY. HE HAD
TO FORCE RALPH INTO TELLING
US - BUT I DON'T THINK IT
WOULD END IN A MURDER!

BUT WE
ARE NOT!

THERE'S YOUR
GHOST OFFICER.
MORE OTHER
THAN FINE
RENDALL. HE
HAS THE GUY'S
ACCOMPLICES!

WHEN YOU WRITE IT UP, BOY - GIVE
THE GUY A BAKING. RENDALL ENJOYED
HER LATE LIFE!

WOULD YOU
LIKE THE MORE
COMPANY, JACK?
I HEAR TELL
THAT MINUTE-MAN
HAT ON THE LAMP!

JUST BUNCH
THINGS - NOTHING
BUT BUNCH, BUT
NONE - HE'S GOT
TO GET BACK TO
CANADA!

READ THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF MINUTE-
MAN EACH MONTH IN THE POPULAR
MASTER COMICS!



THIS
BEAUTIFUL DESK
for only \$1.00 EXTRA

WITH ANY
REMINGTON
PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk, of handsome Walnut grain, finished with rich Burgundy top which will be into the decoration of any home, and made of sturdy clear board, is now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) extra to purchasers of a Remington Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light a child can move it, so strong it will hold an hundred (100) pounds! What a combination this desk and a Remington Portable Typewriter make—a real estate offer in your home! Learn complete details of this offer. Mail the coupon today!

THIS GREAT **COMBINATION** FOR AS LITTLE AS **10¢ A DAY**

How easy it is to pay for this combination of desk and Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter! Just imagine, a small pool will deposit with terms as low as 10¢ a day to get this combination at once! You will never miss 10¢ a day. Yet this small sum can actually make you immediately the possessor of this amazing offer-at home combination. You assume no obligations by sending the coupon.

THESE TWO EXTRAS FOR YOU

10-PAGE TYPING FREE

To help you even further, you get free with this special offer a 10-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a sturdy, beautiful carrying case which results in beauty and safety the most attractive luggage you can buy.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large stand and office machines appear in the Noiseless Portable—standard 44-key keyboard, lock, space margin stops and margin adjuster, double shift key and shift lock, two-color ribbon and automatic ribbon return; indicator variable line spacing; paper support; makes as many as three columns, takes paper 9.5" wide, writes lines 12 1/2 wide. There are also extra features like the wide writing attachment, Mark key marks and white button, touch regulation, rubber cushioned key. These make typing on a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable a distinct pleasure. Thousands of business men using the Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable know from experience how wonderful it is!



MAIL
COUPON
NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 425-11
Yonkers, N. Y.

Tell me, without obligation, how to get a free Trial of a new Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable, including Carrying Case and Free 10-page Touch Method Instruction Book. Also show your 10¢ a day plan. Send Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....